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Six excellent songs

Newton Stewart

[18--]

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Control Number: ADG-3620
OCLC Number : 27690798
Call Number : W PN970.E5 SIXEx
Title : Six excellent songs.
Imprint : Newton Stewart : Printed for the booksellers by J. McNairn, [18--]
Format : 8 p. ; 17 cm.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Title vignette.
Note : Without music.
Contents : Farewell -- Drucken Jenny Din -- The gallant weaver -- John Anderson my Jo -- The nightingale -- Scotland's hills for me
Subject : Chapbooks, Scottish.
Added Entry : McNairn, J.

MICROFILMED BY
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Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 8/31/94
Camera Operator: DN

SIX EXCELLENT

SONGS.

FAREWELL.
DRUCKEN JENNY DIN.
THE GALLANT WEAVER.
JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.
THE NIGHTINGALE.
SCOTLAND'S HILLS FOR ME.

NEWTON-STEWART.
Printed for the Booksellers, by
J. M'AIRN.

FAREWELL.

Adieu a heart warm fond adieu,
Beloved mistress of my heart,
Grieve not altho' I am from you,
By cruel fortune doom'd to part.
Tho' I across the seas mau'n hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slippery ba';
Wi' melting heart, and brimfu' e'e,
I'll think on thee when far awa.

Oft hae we wandered o'er the lea,
When guided by the moons pale light;
Oft hae we met at close of day,
Wi' joy, and rapture spent the night.
But by those e'en so clear and bright,
That bosom white as drifted snaw;
Strong memory on my heart still writes,
Those happy scenes when far awa.

CASTLE PR 970 .E5 SIXEX

May pleasure ay your steps attend,
Throughout life's rough and rugged way;
May heaven her choicest blessings send,
Content and health from day to day.
Tho' fate should drag me south the line,
Or north to Greenlands frost and snaw;
Your weel shall be baith morn and e'en
The prayer of him that's far awa.

A last Farewell I scarce can sigh.
Perhaps we part to meet no more;
Farewell, Farewell thou dearest tie,
That binds me to my native shore.
A last request I pray you grant,
When e'er your thoughts on pleasure fa;
Or when your prayers to heaven are sent,
Remember him that's far awa.

DRUCKEN JENNY DIN.

The aquavitae's in my noddle,
Brandy rumbles in my wyme;
My feet they will not take the gate,
And it's o how will I win hame.

I got five shillings frae my friens,
To buy a coat to my auld son;
The weary druth came in my throat,
And its o how will I win hame.

I drank the shoon frae aff my feet,
Likewise my braw new spotted gown;
And my gray plaidy lies in pawn,
I drank them a' or I win hame.

Johnny Din has me forgot,
Man or horse he'el send me nane;
My feet they will not keep the road,
And it's o how will I win hame.

Alla water I man cross,
I'll be drown'd beneath the stream;
A man and bairnies I hae three,
And it's o who will I win hame.

I selt the meal and grots out o the house,
My husband never did me blame;
But the mice and rats got the blame o that,
And I drank them a' or I win hame.

They summoned me to kirk and session,
A' for to gar me think shame;
A the weight our weel does ken
They ca me drunken Jenny Din.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Where Cart rins rowing to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my Jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent.
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Thou sweetest minstrel of the grove,
That ever tried the plaintive strain,
Awake thy tender tale of love,
And soothe a poor forsaken swain.

For tho' the muses deign to aid,
And teach him smoothly to complain;
Yet Delia, charming, cruel maid,
Is deaf to her forsaken swain.

All day, with Fashion's gaudy sons,
In sport she wanders o'er the plain;
Their tales approve, and still she shuns,
The notes of her forsaken swain.

When evening shades obscure the sky,
And bring the solemn hours again;
Begin, sweet bird, thy melody,
And soothe a poor forsaken swain.

SCOTLAND'S HILLS FOR ME.

Oh! these are not my country's hills,
Though they seem bright and fair;
Though flowers deck their verdant sides,
The heather blooms not there,
Let me behold the mountain steep,
And wild deer roaming free,
The heathy glen and ravine deep-
Oh! Scotland's hills for me.

The rose through all this garden-land
May shed a rich perfume;
But I would rather wander 'mong
My country's bonny broom;
There sings the shepherd on the hill,
The ploughman on the lea,
There lives my blythsome mountain maid,
Oh! Scotland's hills for me.